

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Wednesday—Ninepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

Week Ending 3rd April, 1965

This Week's Issue  
of CN Contains . . .

CN SPECIAL ENQUIRY  
IMMIGRATION

TWO SERIALS

Okolo, Boy of Nigeria  
Dead Man's Warning!

SCOUT NEWS

POP SPOT

SPORT

PLUS:

Letters, jokes, science  
and other features

## BUSH FIRE!

**I**N this year's hot Australian summer, some of the worst bush fires for 25 years have been raging in Victoria and New South Wales.

Flames fanned by strong, warm winds have leaped from tree to tree and swept across the dry bush faster than a man can run.

And behind the smoke screen, which has reached heights of 7,000 feet and caused haze right across the Tasman Sea and even over New Zealand 1,200 miles away, is a grim panorama of destruction and tragedy. Several people have died, and 750,000 black, burnt-out acres are littered with the charred bodies of wild animals, sheep, and cattle.

Our picture shows Australians trying to save their homes.

Though fire can be caused by lightning, sparks from locomotives, or by the Sun's rays focusing through pieces of glass, the chief cause is carelessness in dropping lighted matches or cigarettes.

### Ditches

There were fires in the earliest days of Australian settlement, and in 1798 a letter to the Governor of New South Wales suggested the use of ditches and ploughed land to halt their progress—a method much used today.

Nowadays, there are watch-towers and thousands of volunteers, and science is also lending a hand. Some of the fires have been controlled by cloud-seeding—an operation in which a plane sprays a chemical into clouds to cause rainfall.

But the main hope is that the Australian public will respond even more to the fire-prevention campaigns and obey the strict controls on lighting fires.

Until that happens, the annual figures of 200 deaths and £20,000,000 of estimated damage are unlikely to go down.





# READERS' LETTERS

## THOSE SCHOOL UNIFORMS!

Dear Sir,—With reference to J. Davie's letter (CN issue dated 6th March), I disagree with her.

Although we are not allowed to wear nylons until the Fifth Form, at the age of 15½, and our hair has to be tied back when below our shoulders, I think school uniforms should be kept! They look smart, especially on girls.

### No Showing Off

Dear Sir,—We had a debate in the Fourth Form about school uniforms and, surprisingly maybe, the votes at the end showed a marked victory for the motion that "Schoolgirls should wear a uniform."

I thoroughly agree, because a uniform (which nine times out of ten is very decent) equalises the appearance of girls at school.

Finally, a uniform eliminates showing off about new clothes, and allows the schoolgirl to concentrate on her work; after all, that is what we go to school for!

Lea Yauner (13), Hove, 4.

If one did not wear a uniform, many people from less fortunate homes would become jealous and resentful towards those with more clothes and shoes.

Also, it is a change for the weekend to get out of a uniform into suits, skirts, heels, and make-up.

Tina Krauze (15), Lincoln.

### Must Parents Pay Twice?

Dear Sir,—I agree absolutely with J. Davie on the subject of school uniforms. Not only do girls have to put up with these unnecessary restrictions on clothing, but boys do also.

Why should our parents have to pay twice as much for a pair of socks or a tie, just so that we can walk the streets displaying our school colours?

We go to school for education, not to be told what to wear.

M. L. Plumridge (12), Maidstone, Kent.

### MORE MATCHBOX LABEL TIPS

Dear Sir,—A letter published under *Matchbox Label Tips* in CN issue dated 13th March, sends cold shivers down my spine.

Matchbox labels should never be stuck down with anything but stamp hinges.

One hinge is sufficient to hold one label in place. If any other method is used, the labels cannot easily be transferred to other places in the album.

I have over 30,000 different labels stuck with stamp hinges and therefore can speak from experience. If your correspondent wishes to use paste, gum, or even adhesive tape, then he can look forward to never having a single person wishing to exchange labels with him.

For all collectors of Matchbox Labels who read CN, the best thing I can recommend is to join the British Matchbox Label and Booklet Society by writing to the Hon. Sec., Mr. J. H. Luker, 283-285 Worplesdon Road, Guildford, Surrey.

Ian W. Blewitt, Barnsley.

### BIRD HOSPITAL

Dear Sir,—I was very interested in your article in the series, *Take A Look At Nature*, entitled *The Plight Of Oiled Birds*.

At Guernsey, in the Channel Islands, where I go for my holidays, there is a "Bird Hospital" run by Miss Ozanne. She goes round the beaches looking for birds with oil on their plumage.

She then takes them back to her "hospital," feeds them and takes the oil off their feathers. Then, if she can, she sends the birds away again. But sometimes the birds will not go, as they know that they can get food from Miss Ozanne.

Timothy Atkinson, Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire.

### Quite Decent

Dear Sir,—At my school (North London Collegiate) we can wear any brown or fawn jumper or cardigan, although there is a regulation jumper with the school colours around the neck.

We can wear stockings at practically any age, but we cannot wear ties until we are in the Sixth Form and above, and even then it is not compulsory.

I think at my school the uniform is quite decent.

Sally Helmet (11), Ruislip.

### Disgusting

Dear Sir,—School uniforms are worn to prevent children from dressing like Mods and Rockers. How disgusting it would be if a pupil went to school dressed like that!

A uniform should be as simple as possible, but cheap as well.

Geraldine Child (10), Birmingham, 11.

### Bending the Rules

Dear Sir,—Girls in uniform tend to try to bend the rules to their own styles. They are liable to go too far, however, and therefore spoil the overall look of a school.

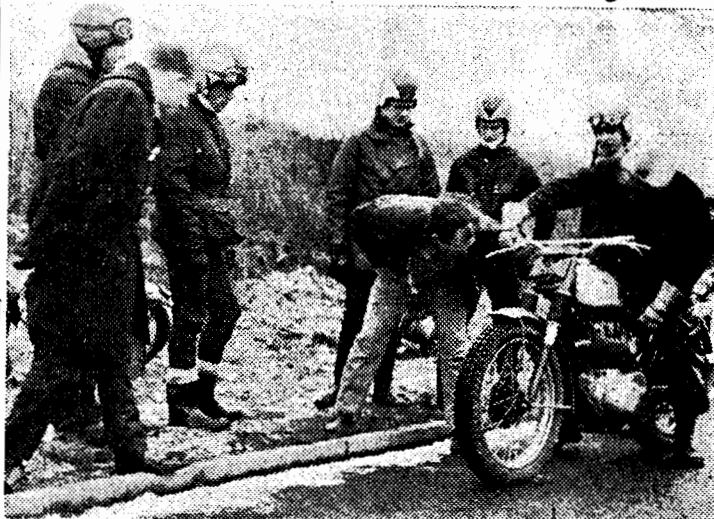
Generally a school is judged by its occupants.

Angela Finney (13), Barnsley.

## It seems to me...

### MOTOR BIKES

MOTOR-BIKES have got a bad name. Most older people—particularly parents—think of them as dangerous.



Mr. Jeff Smith instructing the Birmingham riders

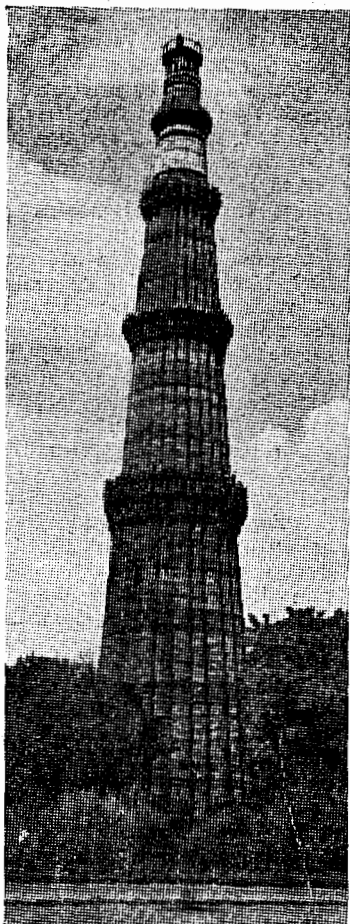
Two wheels are more dangerous than four. But it's not so much the bikes that are dangerous as the people in control of them—or not in control of them!

However, as long as there are motor-bikes, boys will ride them. The thing is to ride them sensibly.

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award scheme has now recognised this by including motor-cycling among the activities for which the Award is given. Instructors are being recruited—my picture shows Mr. Jeff Smith, 500 cc. motor-cycle world champion, instructing a group of Birmingham boys in motor-cycling. Similar groups are being formed in other parts of Britain.

The Editor

### THE BEATLES



Beatles' fan Anila Poddar sent us the above picture of a 12th century stone tower at Kutub Minar, India

Dear Sir,—I am so much fond of collecting photographs of favourite authors and famous European singers, The Beatles.

Can CN readers send me any photos of famous authors from their or other countries, and The Beatles photos?

Anila Poddar, Poddar Nivas, S.V. Road, Kandivalli, Bombay 67, India.

## LAUGH TIME



"I'll wash and you dry."



"Perhaps it is noisy, but it definitely says batter in frying pan!"



"Shall I do you a good turn by eating your sweets, to save you being sick?"





# IN BRITAIN NOW



## OLD NEWS

Perhaps Britain's most unusual collector is Mr. John Frost, whose hobby is gathering newspapers from all over the world.

At his home in East Barnet, Hertfordshire, he has the Frost Historical Newspaper Collection, which consists of about 4,000 editions recording outstanding events dating from 1660, the year which saw the restoration of the British monarchy under Charles II.

The collection includes papers giving news of the coronation and death of every British monarch since 1761, the election of every American president since 1832, and practically every major event in the life of Winston Churchill since his activities at Omdurman in 1898. In the weeks following Sir Winston's death, Mr. Frost received newspapers from 30 different countries.

## COMING OF THE NEW LONDON

The Greater London Council comes into operation this Thursday. It will have 32 Boroughs, which will administer the affairs of eight million people in an area of 620 square miles.

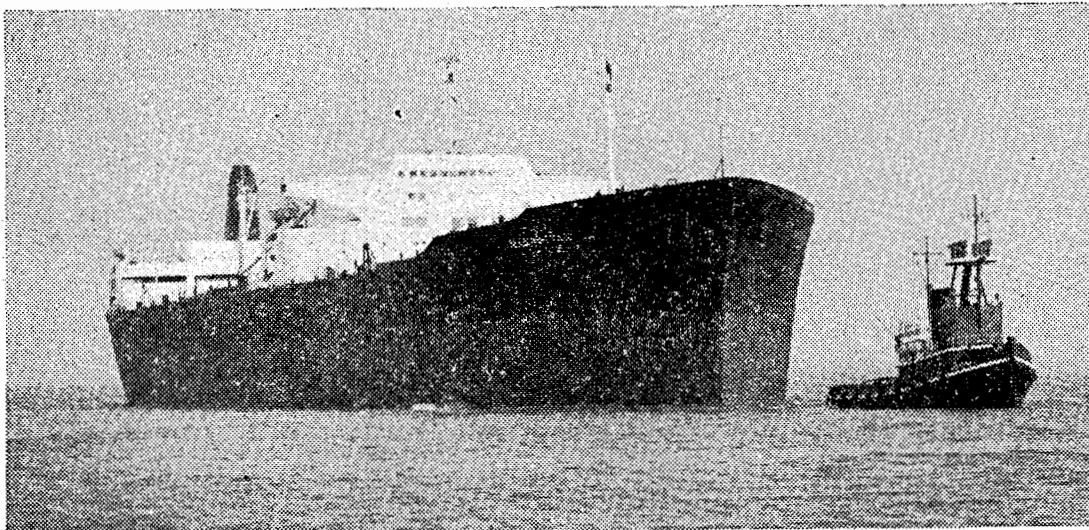
With the birth of the new Boroughs there came the death of others, with names long renowned in London's history—names such as West Ham, Tottenham, Bethnal Green, and St. Pancras. So that its story shall not fade, the Borough of St. Pancras, which loses itself in the new Borough

of Camden, has produced an illustrated booklet covering its 65 years of lively existence.

St. Pancras was favoured by many distinguished people. One of Britain's greatest playwrights, George Bernard Shaw, served on the first council St. Pancras had.

Other famous people who lived in the district include Karl Marx and Vladimir Lenin; the poets Samuel Taylor Coleridge, W. B. Yeats, and Dylan Thomas; and the present Prime Minister of Ghana, Kwame Nkrumah.

## BIGGEST VISITOR TO THE RIVER THAMES



This giant oil tanker, the *Manhattan*, visited Britain recently and became the largest ship ever to enter the River Thames. Carrying a cargo of Venezuelan crude oil, the vessel (108,590 tons) unloaded at the Thames Haven oil refinery.

## NEW SCHOOL FOR GLASGOW

Work has begun in Glasgow on a school which was first proposed 50 years ago. It is the new High School For Girls, which will replace the existing school.

The new building will have a main four-story classroom and will provide places for 560 secondary school pupils. To cost £388,197, it is expected to be ready by August, 1967.

## REAL TREASURES

Five silver spoons found in the walls of the ruined church of St. Michael at Abberley, Worcestershire, have been declared treasure trove.

The spoons, which date from the early 14th century, were found by a retired farmer, and they are now his property. Their market value is about £1,500.

Another find, this time of rare books, caused a stir at a charity book shop opened in aid of the Winston Churchill Memorial Fund.

A complete set of a first edition by the great French writer Francois Voltaire (1694-1778) was spotted among the 50,000 books which were set out for sale at one shilling each. The books were hastily withdrawn!

# Light blue or dark?

Whichever crew you cheer for in the Boat Race, no doubt some day you will want to visit both the famous university cities. There are youth hostels in Oxford and Cambridge, where you may stay overnight for only 2s. if you're under 16.

The Y.H.A. has hostels in many other towns and cities, as well as by the sea and all over the countryside. Some hostels are close to rivers, where you can practise rowing like the Oxford and Cambridge crews!

Go hostelling at week-ends and during your school holidays. Membership of the Y.H.A. is open to anyone from 5 years old upwards, so parents can go, too. The coupon will bring you a coloured folder with details and a map showing all hostels in England and Wales.

Youth Hostels Association,  
Trevelyan House, St. Albans, Herts.

To Youth Hostels Association,  
Trevelyan House, St. Albans, Herts.

Please send me free brochure giving details of Y.H.A. and enrolment form.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CN657 .....

## SEAL-ED WITH A KISS

Girl receiving an affectionate greeting from a sea lion at California's Marineland is British high-jumper, Frances Slaap. Seen here with runner Anita Webb, Frances was a member of a British team which competed against America at the Indoor Games in Los Angeles.



## SUCH A MODEL EXHIBITION

Those of you making plans for the Easter holidays may like to know that The Model Railway Exhibition will be held as usual at the Central Hall in Westminster.

Largest show of its kind in the world, the exhibition will have hundreds of working models of railways and trams, as well as a passenger track with coal-fired miniature steam locomotives hauling trains giving free rides. There will also be demonstrations of

model making, workshop practice, and electrical apparatus.

The Exhibition will be open from 20th-24th April (9.30 a.m.-10 p.m.) and admission is 3s. for adults, 1s. 6d. for children under 14. For a party of 12 or more, the rates are at 2s. for adults, 1s. for the under-14s. Further details can be obtained from the Exhibition Manager, The Model Railway Club, 66 Howard Road, South Norwood, London SE25.

## From a CN Reader

# MANX CATTERY

IN 1961 the Manx Parliament was shocked to discover that the population of true Manx Cats on the Isle of Man had almost died out. A census was held and only about 300 adults were recorded.

To save the species, the Manx Parliament set up a Manx Cat breeding station, which is called The Manx Cattery. It is situated in Noble's Park, Douglas, and is under the control of Douglas Corporation. The Cattery is open to visitors and at present there are 30 grown-up cats living there with their kittens.

One of the reasons why the Manx Cat was becoming a rarity is that so many types of long-tailed domestic cat have been introduced into the Isle of Man as pets. The Manx Cat, if it breeds with them, usually has ordinary tailed kittens, or "stumpies," which are kittens with forked or stumpy tails, and which are of no use to the Manx cat breeders.

## Tails

Also, strangely, true Manx cats without tails frequently produce long-tailed and partly tailed, as well as tail-less kittens. Because of this, breeders are finding the Manx Cat one of the most difficult types in the world to breed.

The true Manx Cat, or "rumpy," as it is sometimes called, has a tuft of hair where a tail ought to be, but has another distinctive feature as well which distinguishes it from other cats. The back legs are longer in proportion to the front legs, so that it resembles a hare or rabbit when it moves about.

## Fighting

When fighting or defending itself, the Manx Cat leaps at its opponent using all four legs at once, whereas other cats use one or both front paws.

The Manx Cat can be any colour, but should have a "double" coat, soft and open on the top with a thick undercoat.

The breed is becoming increasingly popular, particularly in America, where specimens of one colour are preferred. These are rarer, and so there is a waiting list. It is much quicker to obtain true, mixed-colour Manx kittens, but these may cost from two to ten guineas each.

ALAN MAJOR



# THIS WIDE WORLD



## ROMAN ROAD IN THE DESERT

A British expedition has found a Roman road 500 miles long in the Sahara Desert. Known as the "Limes Tripolitanus," the road was the rear line of defence along the borders of the province of Tripolitania ("limes" is Latin for limit). It ran from Gabès, on the Tunisian coast, westward into the desert, and then swung south and east to end at the ancient port of Leptis Magna, about 60 miles from Tripoli, in Libya.

### Day's March

The expedition traced the road with the help of a third century roadbook that referred to posting stations a day's march apart along the "Limes Tripolitanus." Over the first 120 miles of the road, the sites of three of these stations were recognised by inscriptions.

A series of monumental Roman mausolea was one of the expedition's most spectacular finds. Tower-like structures of well-cut stone, they were found scattered over 50 miles. About 20 feet high, they served as signposts as well as memorials, indicating that the road was actually only a cleared strip of desert.

## LEARNING ABOUT THE UN

A hundred teachers at primary and secondary schools in Denmark are taking part in a special project, sponsored by the Danish Unesco Commission, to promote better knowledge and understanding of other countries and international affairs.

The teachers, all volunteers, are giving their pupils—aged between 12 and 16—special instruction about the work of the United Nations, the race question and Human Rights, Africa, and South-East Asia.

## JOINING WRECKS

The bow section of the 19,000-ton Swedish tanker *Stolt Dagali* which collided with another vessel outside New York Harbour last summer, is to be joined to the stern of the Norwegian tanker *C. T. Gogstad*, wrecked last autumn in the Baltic Sea.

The bow will be towed across the Atlantic—a seven-week operation—to a shipyard in Gothenburg, Sweden. The new ship "built" there will be a few yards longer than either of the original ships and the joining together of the two halves is complicated by a difference of about 15 inches in width and nearly six inches in depth.

## GRAVEYARD FOR AIRCRAFT



Machines move fast in this age of space travel, so these American jet fighter planes, which not very long ago were among the fastest in the world, have made their last flight—to the scrap heap.

## CANADA'S TREASURE ISLAND

IN Mahone Bay, off the coast of Canada's Maritime Province of Nova Scotia, lies Oak Island. Pock-marked by the holes that spades, rakes, and drills have made, the island has been the site of thousands of treasure hunts over the past 170 years.

It all began in 1795, when three men from the mainland went to the island to hunt. They stumbled on to an aged oak with a sawn-off limb. Dangling from it was a stout line and pulley. Under this was a depression in the earth, indicating that a hole had been dug there years before. With picks and shovels—and high hopes—the men dug to 30 feet before giving up. At each ten-foot level a platform of oak planks was found.

Six years later, the same three men talked some Boston adventurers into investing in the search. A company was formed and operations resumed. They got down to 90 feet, uncovering a platform at regular ten-foot depths. At 95 feet they stopped work for the day. When they returned the next morning their shaft was full of water. Then they gave up once and for all.

There has been much talk about the origin of the "Treasure" of Oak Island. There are those who believe that Captain Kidd buried some of his spoils there. Some historians and scientists think it might have been Captain Teach (Blackbeard), or the Vikings.

### Crown Jewels

In the middle 1950s an engineer, representing five Texas oil companies, started drilling on Oak Island. He said he intended to keep drilling until he came up with an answer. He expected to find, not a pirate hoard, but the long lost Crown Jewels of France and gold from the French Treasury, taken by Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette when they fled from Paris during the revolution.

"Pirates," the engineer said, "usually buried their gold five or six feet underground so that they could dig it up and make a quick getaway. They never buried anything deeper than 30 feet."

But in time the Texans, too, gave up, and left the island.

So the mystery of Oak Island is still unsolved. One day, perhaps, someone will stumble on the secret.

## BRIEFLY ...



Girls studying for the Duke of Edinburgh's award at Prince Henry's Grammar School at Evesham are to receive instruction from local police. Not only will the course contain talks on crime, accidents and court work, but motorway police will give the girls rides in patrol cars.

A three-man television team is making a three-week trip on a Grimsby trawler bound for Iceland. The team is filming a documentary on life aboard the ship as seen through the eyes of a boy deck-hand.

### Freshwater Pearl

A freshwater pearl was found in a mussel which 12-year-old Raymond Myers took from the River Eden at Carlisle.

An exhibition of European arms and armour from the mid-13th century to the decline of the armourer's art in the 17th century is being held at the Ulster Museum in Belfast.

A top prize of £500 will be awarded in this year's National Junior Piano-playing Competition. This prize will go to the winner of pianists aged between 14 and 18. (For the under-14s the top prize is £200.) Regional heats will be held at Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool and London and the National Final will be at the Wigmore Hall in London on 17th December.

### Record-breaking walk

Trooper John Sinclair of the Leicestershire and Derbyshire Yeomanry, claims to have established a new world non-stop walking record with a distance of 130 miles 352 yards covered in 31 hours. The previous record, set up in 1882 in California: 121 miles 385 yards.



## KNOW YOUR NEWS

### SPOTLIGHT ON AUSTRIA

A STATE Treaty 'for the re-establishment of an independent and democratic Austria' was signed in 1955 in Vienna.

On 15th May, 1965, the Foreign Ministers of Britain, France, Russia, and the United States will join the Austrians in their historic 'Blue Danube' capital to celebrate the tenth anniversary of this event.

They are the four Powers, wartime allies, who split Austria into four occupation zones after they defeated Hitler's Germany in 1945.

Vienna in those days was the city of *The Third Man*. Those who saw that famous film will recall members of the four-Power police force chasing Harry Lime through the city's alleys.

A very different Vienna existed 130 years earlier, when a famous Congress of victorious European nations met there in 1815 to divide up the Continent after the final defeat of Napoleon.

Austria was a different country, too. It was then the heart of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, whose emperor ruled a number of States alien to one another in race and religion.

—By Our  
Special Correspondent

In addition to Austria and Hungary, he held sway over Bohemia and various southern Slav provinces. This was the 'Austria' of our history-books, the Austria of the Hapsburgs, in whose wars Britain was so often involved to keep the 'balance of power' in Europe.

In 1914 the Archduke Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and his wife, were murdered during a tour of the provinces. The outcome was the 1914-18 war, with Germany and Austro-Hungary lined up against Britain, France, Russia, and their allies.

Defeated Austro-Hungary disappeared as an empire after the war, being split chiefly into the republics of Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland and the kingdom (now republic) of Yugoslavia.

In February 1938, Austria was annexed by Hitler, the leader of a resurgent Germany.

During the Second World War Russia under Stalin had suffered all but annihilation by Nazi Germany. In driving back the invaders the Russians swallowed



Monument to the Empress Maria Theresa (1740-80) in Vienna

up vast areas of Eastern Europe, including Austria.

It took ten years to get Russia to sign the Austrian peace treaty and take her troops away. The Western allies also evacuated Austria, which became independent and neutral. (Germany remains divided.)

Today Austria is a happier and richer country than she was ten years ago. Again she has become a favourite tourist centre.

President Schaefer was to have paid a state visit to Britain this spring, but he died at the end of February. A successor will be elected on 23rd May.



# CN true-life serial

While his father was away from home, Okolo lived with his uncle. When his uncle stopped paying his school fees, Okolo worked hard at many jobs to try to raise enough money to continue at school, but without much success. Finally, when he had almost given up hope, he found work with an architect named Mr. Mbanefo, helping to build a house.

Okolo was well paid for the work, and he received more than just money from Mr. Mbanefo: he discovered that Mr. Mbanefo was going to pay for him to stay at school.

This made possible Okolo's great ambition to become a teacher one day...

## 9. Okolo Buys Presents

OKOLO felt as if he were living in a dream. Every morning he shook his head when he woke up, to make sure he was not still asleep.

On Monday, he hesitated for a second as he walked through the door into his new classroom.

"If they let me sit down at a desk, everything will be all right," he said to himself. Even though he believed in Mr. Mbanefo, Okolo was prepared to meet a teacher who would ask, "What are you doing here?" and then send him home.

The headmaster started to read the names of all the new boys from a list. Okolo waited tensely. When he heard his own name, "OKOLO EDEOGU," he was suddenly no longer afraid. He knew that this was not a dream. He really was back at school!

In the afternoon there was a celebration. Okolo's friend Nzekwu had arranged it all. He had climbed a coconut tree and picked the biggest coconuts he could find.

Achebe, Ifeanyi, Nneka, and all their friends had gathered to honour Okolo. They danced in two groups, the boys in a circle by the house, the girls nearby in a line. When they got too hot, Nzekwu split open the coconuts and everyone sat down to drink

# OKOLO, boy of Nigeria

Story and pictures by PETER BUCKLEY



the milk inside. Then they danced again, while Nneka's father played on his drums.

In the evening, Okolo went to see Mr. Mbanefo. He offered to return the wages he had been paid, to help pay the school fees, but Mr. Mbanefo told him to keep the money.

"You earned it, so it's yours," he said.

"Then you won't mind if I buy my friend Nneka a new dress?" Okolo said. "She's never had one, you know."

"It's yours," Mr. Mbanefo repeated.

"And books for myself?" Okolo asked again.

"Of course!" Mr. Mbanefo said. "And now listen. From now on, when you are free from your school work, you can help me, Okolo. But don't forget," the architect added, smiling, "I don't want to see you around all the time. I want you to swim and play with your friends, or just sit and think, if you want to."

"But I want to work for you all the time," Okolo said.



Okolo offered to buy three of his friends a book each

Mr. Mbanefo shook his head. "No, Okolo," he said, "you don't belong to me just because I am sending you to school. During your long holidays I'll ask you to work. Until then, come to see me only if you want to talk. Understand? Your school is your job now."



Nneka asked her sisters, "Help me with my new dress. I don't know how to put it on"

BUYING Nneka's dress at the market took a long time. Okolo asked Nzekwu and Achebe to come with him, and they argued over the colour, the size, the shape of the collar, and whether the dress should have ribbons or not. Finally they chose a white and green dress with long yellow ribbons.

They met Ifeanyi at the bookstore.

"I'll give you each one book," Okolo said to his three friends, as they went inside.

Again, it took them an hour to pick what they wanted. They all stood reading one book after another, trying to decide which they would enjoy most. Okolo didn't want to spend all his money, so he looked at the price before picking up a book. This was the first time he had ever spent more than a few pennies at one time.

"I like this," Okolo said. "It's like a game, choosing only one from all the books on the shelves."

On the way home, he walked proudly, holding his packages carefully under one arm.

He found Nneka, who was playing in the sand. She was covered in dust. He asked her to rinse herself off at the water tap by the side of the road, and then added, trying to be mysterious, "When you have done that, come and see me."

"Why?" Nneka asked. "Because you'll like it," Okolo said.

"What?" Nneka begged to know.

"Go on, you'll see," Okolo said firmly.

Nneka grumbled, but she did as Okolo asked, and in a few minutes came back, still a little wet.

"Here," he said, handing her the new dress.

Gently, Nneka pulled the paper away.

"It's a dress!" she said, holding it up.

"For you," he said, guessing that Nneka was not sure it was a present for her.

Nneka's eyes grew big. She hugged the dress so tightly against her stomach that Okolo said, "Be careful, don't mess it up!"

"I won't, I won't," Nneka said, holding the dress away from her instantly. Then she started to run everywhere, to tell everybody that she owned a dress, a pretty dress.

NNEKA found her sisters.

Handing them the ragged and torn piece of cloth she had worn all her life, she whispered to them, "Help me with my new dress. I don't know how to put it on."

And so, while Nneka stood laughing, her sisters slipped the dress over her head, knelt down to button her up the back, and tied the long yellow ribbons behind.

"Nneka is beautiful," she announced when her sisters had finished.

Okolo, Nzekwu, Achebe, Ifeanyi, and Azuka, who had just returned from the market, all agreed.

"Thank you, Okolo," Nneka said, walking over to him. "You are my friend."

"I have a letter from your father," Azuka said. "See what he says."

Okolo read the letter she handed him. "He's coming home!" he shouted. He read further: "To work in the hospital. That means we'll be together again, and can have our own house."

"Let's all go swimming. Okolo," Nzekwu said. "It's hot."

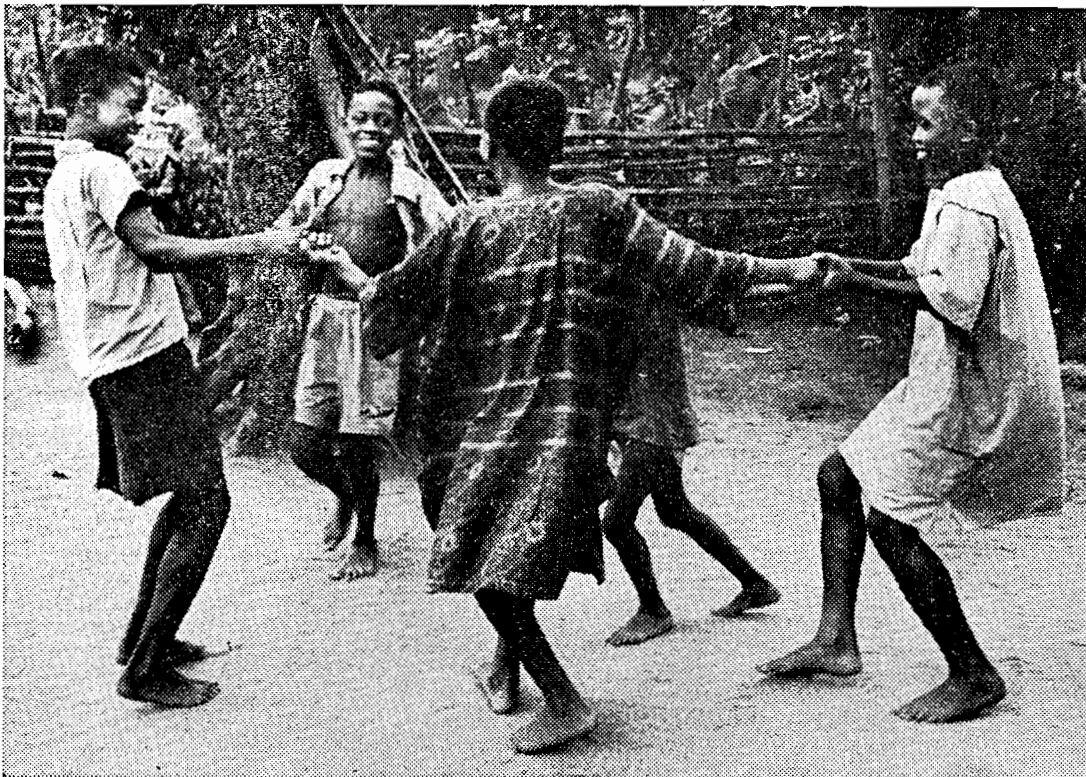
"All right," Okolo said. "But on the way I want to stop at the palace to thank the Obi."

"Can I come to the palace, too?" Nneka asked. "I want to walk in my new dress."

"YES, you can come with us," Okolo answered, putting out his hand. "Any time you want."

THE END

© Peter Buckley, 1964  
OKOLO, Boy of Nigeria, has been published in book form by Methuen & Co. Ltd., price 13s. 6d.



The boys danced round and round to honour Okolo, who had, after all, returned to school





# SCOUTING NEWS

## SCOUTS CHANGE COUNTRIES



American Scouts are due to visit Britain in July

**L**AVING Britain in August for a "holiday of a lifetime" are 32 Scouts from Warwickshire and Norfolk. They are going to Massachusetts, USA, for three weeks, at the invitation of 32 American Scouts who are due to arrive in Britain on 20th July.

The American boys will be making tours and seeing something of Britain's industries as well as Scouting before arriving in Warwickshire for a week's hospitality. The American and UK parties will travel to America together.

### IS THERE A GHOST IN THE HOUSE?

**M**EMBERS of the 10th Epping Forest Scout Group are looking for a haunted house!

In order to prove if there are such things as ghosts, the Scouts are carrying out a survey into tales of mysterious moans and groans and things that go bump in the night.

## IT'S BOB-A-JOB WEEK!



Washing down an elephant is all part of the fun—and work!

**T**HE 19th—24th April is Bob-a-Job week, the week when Scouts all over the country offer their services and work to raise money for Scout Funds. All money raised is used to finance local Scouting.

Hundreds of thousands of jobs are done each year. In past years, Scouts have been known to undertake all sorts of tasks, from shoe cleaning to washing down an elephant.

It is only during this one week that Scouts ask for payment for labour. During the remaining weeks of the year they are expected to carry out their daily "good turns" without thought of reward.

### BADGE FOR COURAGE

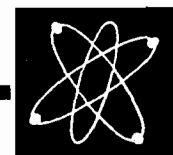
**S**IXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Senior Scout John Manby of the 5th Beverley (Wesley) Scout Group has been awarded the Cornwell Badge by the Chief Scout, Sir Charles Maclean, in recognition of his high standard of character and devotion to duty under great suffering.

In 1951, John was in a road accident and had a serious leg injury. Since then he has undergone 16 operations on his leg and ankle and will have to face more from time to time.

Despite his handicap, John is a keen Scout. He has achieved the First Class badge, which includes as one of the tests a two-day, 14-mile hike. He also holds the Ambulance and Handyman badges.

## SCIENCE SURVEY

by CN correspondent  
Derrick Royston Booth



## WOOD GETS THE TWIST!

**T**RY bending a strip of wood. Release your hold and it will straighten out to something like its original shape. Or, if you bend it too far, there will be a sudden splintering and the wood will fail.

Boat-builders and cabinet makers long ago devised a fairly simple method to make wood pliable. They boiled it!

But only thin strips could be moulded in this way; nor could the wood be bent beyond a certain angle. And when it cooled and dried out again after its boiling, it would try to resume its original shape.

### Friendly Properties

This is a pity, because wood has such friendly properties. It looks pleasant when it is polished. It smells kindly. It feels smooth and has the right temperature when touched.

It is the "unbendability" of natural wood which has so far limited its uses.

But a new process has now been developed in the United States which is likely to change traditional methods of manufacturing wooden products, especially those things which have recently been successfully moulded in plastics—radio cabinets, kitchen furniture and so on.

By dipping a wooden strip into liquid anhydrous ammonia, which

boils at minus 28 degrees Fahrenheit, a twist or bend can be made in the wood which remains permanently after the ammonia has evaporated.

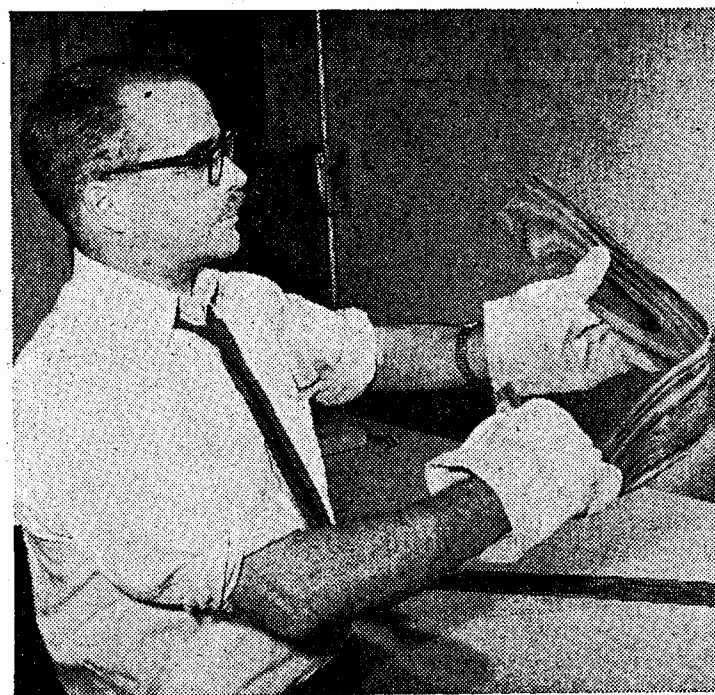
Just for a short time, the wood behaves like a plastic substance, and can be pushed and formed in any kind of way. It will then return to feeling and behaving like wood again without any cracking or other damage.

This is how the process works:—

Metals can be formed into other shapes because the molecules ease past each other fairly easily during the bending process. Wood however resists molecular movement when it is being bent in the ordinary way, and cracks when the angle of the bend exceeds the maximum molecular flow.

Anhydrous (water free) liquid ammonia has changed all that. It softens the fibres of the wood and allows the molecules to ease past each other.

Technicians think the process will have many applications in the manufacture of furniture, boats, and skis, where complicated bent-wood parts are needed.



A professor at the New York State College of Forestry shaping a piece of wood that has been dipped in liquid ammonia

So now things have gone a full circle. When plastics started to replace wood in everyday items, many manufacturers made their products look like wood so that

they would not offend people who disliked "artificial" materials. Now wood is being used as a plastic to do the things that only plastics could previously do.

## ENERGY FROM 300 MILLION YEARS AGO

Radio energy that originated more than 300 million years ago in a distant galaxy was used to raise a curtain during the dedication ceremonies of a radio antenna. The Haystack Radar Facility, as the antenna is called, stands on top of a hill near Tyngsboro, in the American State of Massachusetts. It is designed to track spacecraft and explore radio waves emanating from still little-understood sources in the universe.

During the dedication ceremonies, the antenna was focused on the Cygnus A galaxy, one of the "brightest"—that is, the most powerful—radio sources in the universe. Cygnus A is believed to have originated from the collision of two galaxies when the Earth was in its early stages of development. The collision created radio energy that has been travelling ever since towards the Earth and is only now arriving 300 million light years later.

The radio energy picked up by the antenna was translated into static noise broadcast over a public address system for the audience at the ceremony. The noise triggered a relay which slowly opened a curtain on the stage, unveiling the dedication plaque for the Haystack Facility.

The antenna, the most sensitive in the world, can track an object only twice the size of a needle orbiting 500 miles above Earth.





SEE WHY

PEOPLE ON THE MOVE

# WHY?

We hear and read a lot about the problem of immigrants in Britain. It is often front-page news in Asiatic newspapers, too. What is the cause of the trouble?

**I**MMIGRANTS and Emigrants—those who migrate *in* and those who migrate *out*.

But why do people migrate—remove themselves from their own country to another?

Well, to start with, they have been doing this ever since the Israelites moved from Egypt into The Promised Land, and from long before. Primitive tribes, in the dawn of history, moved in search of new hunting grounds or because the climate was altering for the worse, or because other tribes were also on the move and pressing on behind them. Today the forces behind migration are the same—poor conditions at home; and the hope of better ones abroad.

During the 19th and first half of the 20th century about 40 million immigrants entered the USA, another six million went to Argentina and five million to Brazil.

## Restriction

So far as Britain is concerned, it is often forgotten that migration works both ways. Last year 65,000 people left Britain for Australia, and in the two years 1952 and 1957 a total of 200,000 did the same. But since 1958 the balance of migration has been inwards, from the Commonwealth countries and from Ireland. In 1960 and 1961 194,000 immigrants came to Britain, including 116,000 West Indians.

It was then that the British Government decided to restrict the numbers by the Commonwealth Immigrants Act of 1962. People coming to Britain for full-time employment had to be able to prove that they had a job to go to or were qualified for skilled work.

Full employment in Britain has resulted in a shortage of many kinds of worker and the medical and nursing professions would have been badly off but for recruits from abroad.

## Difficulties

In the case of immigrants from Pakistan and India there have been special difficulties. Many have been encouraged to emigrate to Britain by glowing accounts of high wages and the advantages of the Welfare State—sick benefit, pensions, and so on. Unscrupulous agents have persuaded many to pay big sums for faked passports and entry certificates, for which they would have to go on paying for years.

Obviously, to let in an unlimited number of immigrants, many of whom could not even speak English, would not be practical in an already crowded Britain. Its population is not much less than one third that of the United States—which has about 30 times its amount of living-space.

Remember—an Emigrant is an old friend you say goodbye to.

An Immigrant is a stranger you may, or may not, like. And that goes for all over the world.

See also next page



A girl from the sunny West Indies takes a solemn look at cold, wet Britain as she disembarks at Southampton



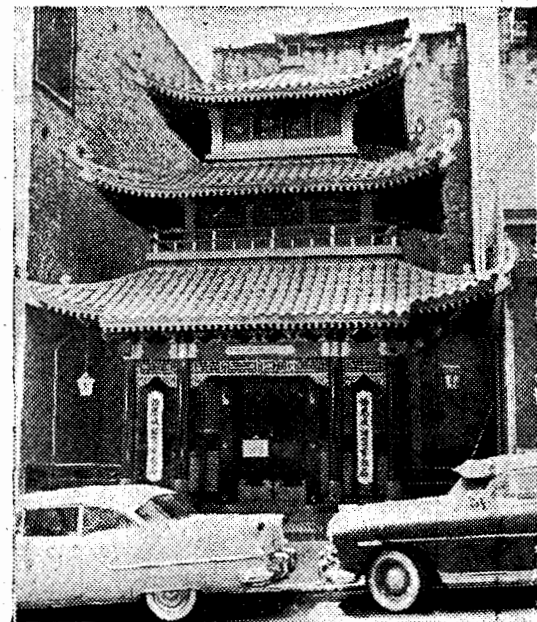


# COMING TO STAY— FOR GOOD?

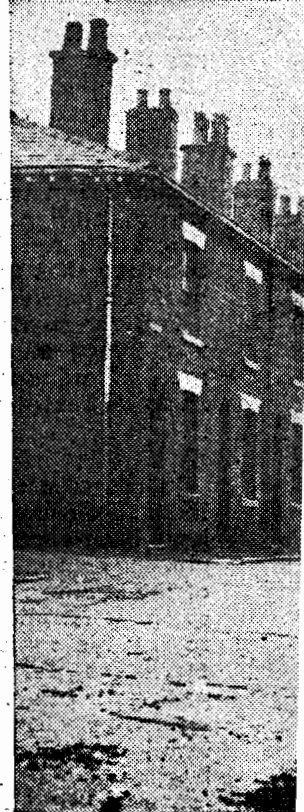
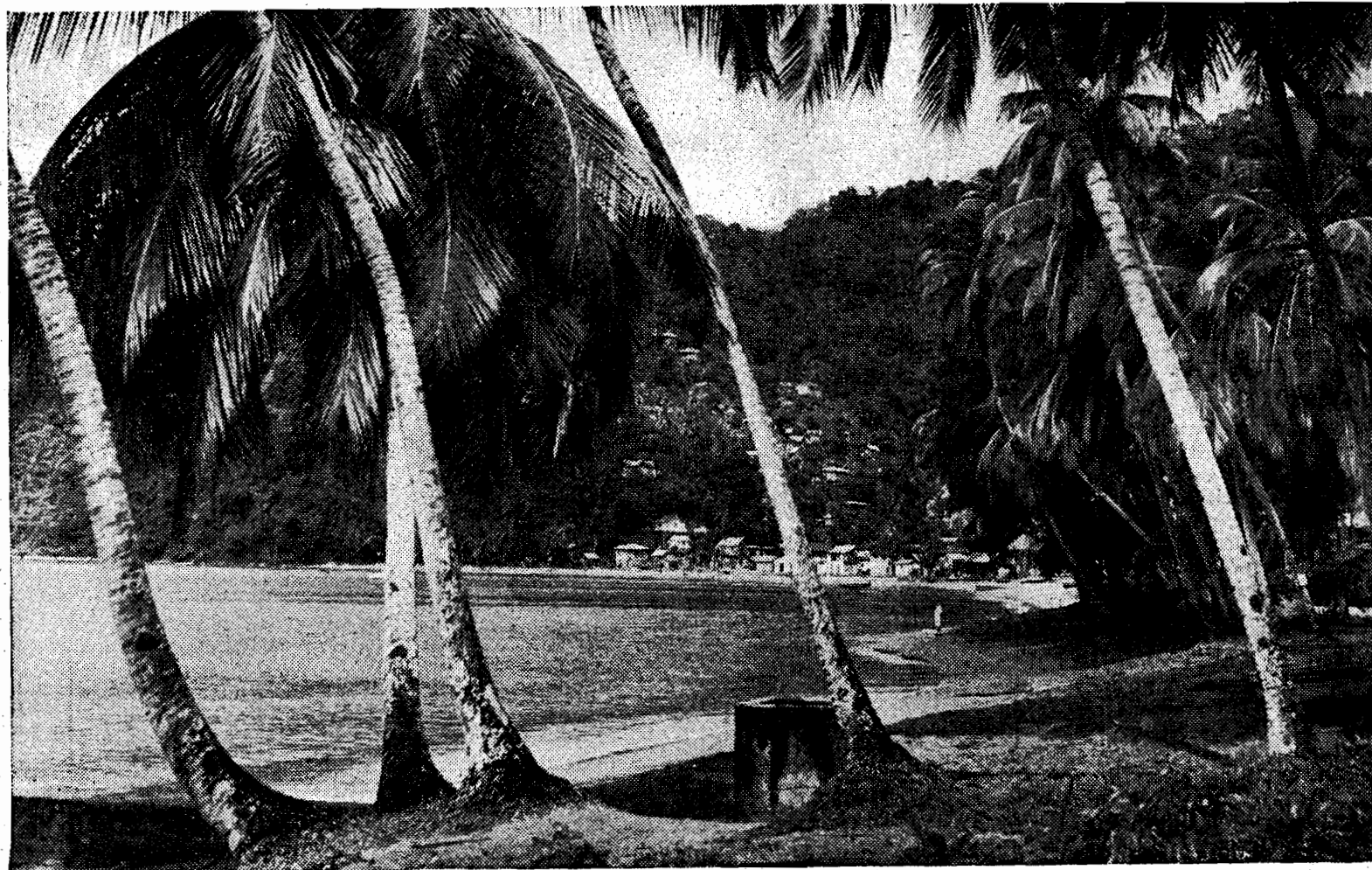
*Every day people  
are arriving in  
'foreign' countries.  
How will  
they get on?*



Having passed the strict Health Controls, a Pakistani leaves London Airport with his bed-roll and suitcase to begin a new life.

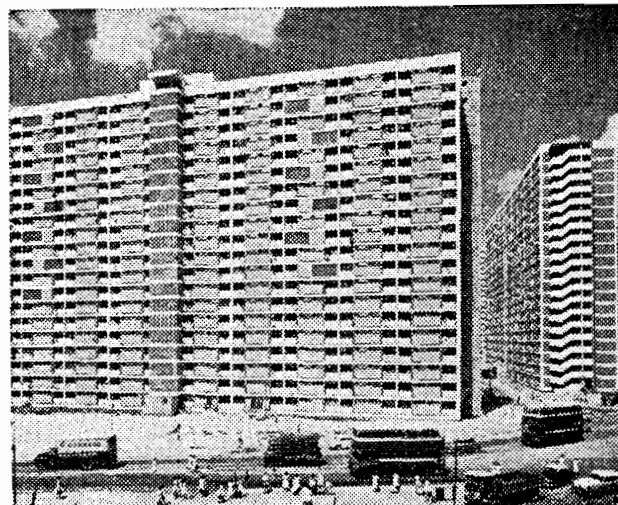


A few of the 50,000 or more West Indians who came to the villages, they will have to live in cities, su



What makes a person give up the sunshine of places like the tropical islands and move to the sombre, industrial cities and social problems? Perhaps it is also the adventure





Immigration and Emigration take place all over the world. (Far left) This pagoda-like building houses the telephone exchange, in San Francisco's famed Chinatown, the world's biggest 'Chinese' city outside the Orient. (Left) This man in Cyprus is saying goodbye to his niece who is emigrating to Armenia, a republic in the Soviet Union. (Centre) A £3,000,000 block of flats in Hong Kong built to ease the housing problem caused by the flux of immigrants from the troubled communist People's Republic of China. (Right) West Germans looking over the Berlin Wall, which prevents East Berliners emigrating to the West.



migrate to Britain each year. Although most of them are from such as London, Leeds or Birmingham in order to find work.

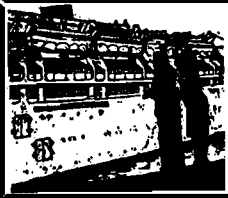
Britain has about a million men, women and children from various parts of the Commonwealth. Though many give newcomers a warm welcome, other people are against the idea of a multi-racial society.

Children usually make friends more readily than adults—as this picture of immigrants playing with other children at a British school shows. But even the schools have problems. The different languages, customs, habits and attitudes of immigrants cause great difficulties, and often a feeling of distrust between white and coloured people.



up his roots—leave friends and the beauty and the West Indian island of Tobago (left) to live in Britain (above) with her changeable weather. Perhaps it is not just the hope of a better living but a curious feeling of exploring a new land.

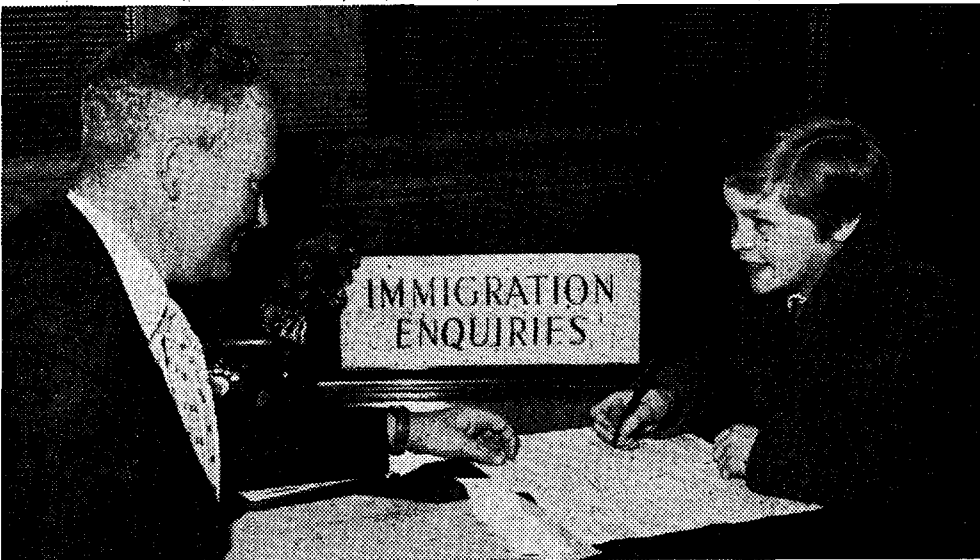




**PEOPLE  
ON THE  
MOVE**  
Continued  
from  
previous  
page

# OFF TO A NEW LIFE

Emigration is a big step. The pictures on this page show some of the stages in the process



About 65,000 British people of all ages emigrate to Australia every year. (Above) Royston Thomas, of Stepney, signs his emigration form. Royston played the part of Charlie Bates in the musical *Oliver*, and in the Australian version he played the part of Oliver. (Right) Two of the oldest emigrants—they are 84 and 79—arrive in Perth.



Right (top): A girl in Canada whose parents were Scottish emigrants, proudly dons a Highland outfit. Below: Four boys sponsored by the Big Brother Movement, which helps young people to settle down in Australia, wave goodbye.



Left: Many people believe they are going to a land of milk and honey when they emigrate. But most of them have to face hard work and a great deal of adjustment to new social conditions.

The first few days, when emigrants feel lonely and homesick, are usually the worst. And they often live in hostels when they are not fortunate enough to be housed by friends or employers.

Mr. Van Dyke from Holland solved this problem when he emigrated to Australia with his wife and eleven children—he took a prefabricated house with him! Our picture shows the happy family having their first meal together in Australia.



## SPECIALLY FOR GIRLS

### SUSAN'S SUCCESS

**A**BOUT 2,000 youngsters will be appearing at the Albert Hall this Saturday in *The Young Stage Spectacular*, to help raise funds for the National Deaf Children's Society. Among the performers, whose ages range from four to 24, will be 13-year-old Susan Carpenter.

As a student of singing and drama, Susan is on the *Young Stage Register* for professional engagements, which is quite an achievement, especially when you realise the handicap she had.



Susan is looking forward to starring in *The Young Stage Spectacular*.

When Susan was 8½ years old, she had to spend six months in hospital because of a diseased bone in her leg. That was followed by another three months' convalescence. Altogether, Susan lost over a year's schooling. But, shortly after leaving hospital, she won an Arts Award medal for singing, and two months later she started dancing lessons.

Since that miraculously speedy recovery, Susan has appeared for nine months in the London show, *The Sound Of Music*.

### WHO WAS SALLY LUNN?

**I** EXPECT most of you have tasted Sally Lunn's. They look rather like large fruit scones and are eaten hot with lashings of butter.

This bread, if not Sally herself, is known to have come from the city of Bath 200 years ago—in the days when all kinds of important people went to Bath to take the waters and to meet their friends in the nearby Assembly Rooms.

Close to these Rooms stood No. 4 Lilliput Alley. This was not one of Bath's fine 18th century houses, for it had already been standing some 300 years, and had been the home of the Dukes of Kingston. Now it was a cake shop with a growing reputation for its delicious Sally Lunn's.

In the local paper of 1796, the recipe was published describing the "Sally Lun Cakes Made at Bath," but there is no reliable information about Sally herself. Perhaps it was the name of the

### SISTERS

"That's not fair—you've eaten all the sweets while I was laughing at Donald Duck!"



shop owners? It has also been suggested that this traditional Bath bread was originally sold as "Sol à lune"—roughly meaning "morning till night," the time during which the cakes were for sale.

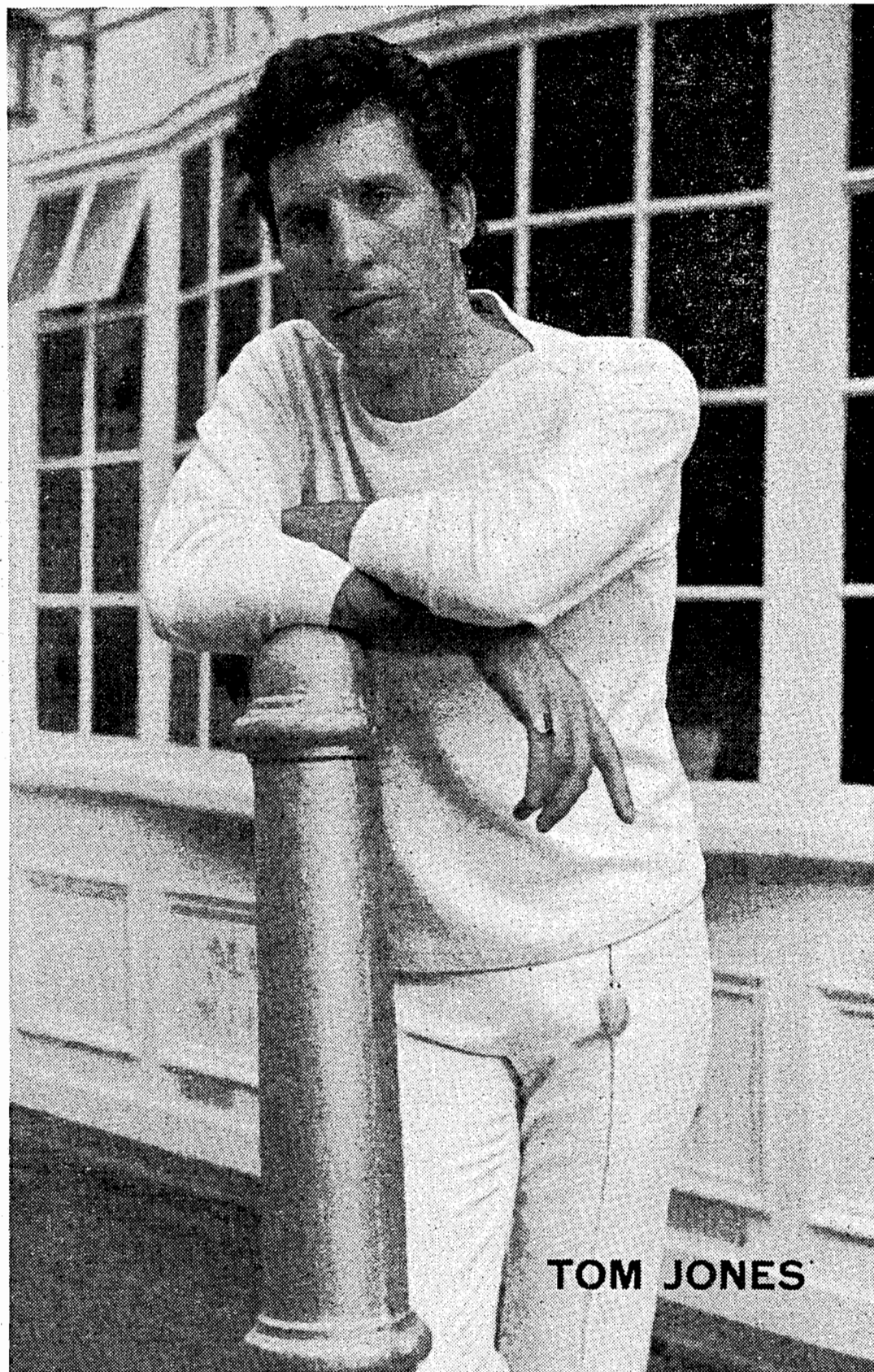
I doubt whether the origin of the name, or of Sally Lunn herself, will ever be known, but meanwhile her recipe lives on in most cookery books. So, the next time you feel like bread baking, try making Sally Lunn's.

*Vicky*

## POP SPOT



This week CN brings you news of chart-hitter TOM JONES of "Not Unusual" fame.



TOM JONES

**W**ITH his first disc, *It's Not Unusual*, TOM JONES had a resoundingly successful No. 1 hit.

He left the building trade, formed his own group—The Playboys—and toured South Wales until he signed up with songwriter Gordon Mills. Tom's first professional appearance after coming to London was—in Swansea!

"That's show business," he said as he drove back down the A40.

Now backed by an all-Welsh group called The Squires, Tom has appeared on many major TV and Radio shows and has

also toured the country, where his aggressive style of singing, his personality, and his vitality have won him thousands of fans.

This black-haired, dark-eyed, 25-year-old, six-foot son of a miner from Pontypridd, Glamorganshire, is a seemingly tireless performer. He once gave a marathon 2½-hour non-stop singing performance!

He likes home-cooking, dislikes flat tyres when on his way to keep a date—and aims to buy a coal mine for his father!



# TAKE A LOOK AT NATURE



## WONDERFUL SLUGS AND SNAILS

**SLUGS** and snails are usually regarded as nasty, partly because they are slimy, crawling animals, and partly on account of the damage which some species do to garden plants and vegetables.

But, as is so often the case with living things, these criticisms are not entirely justified. The species of slugs and snails which eat our prized seedlings are far outnumbered by those which prefer decaying matter, or even certain kinds of fungi.

It is true that they produce a great deal of slime, but they could not live without it, for it keeps their bodies moist. (It prevents the water in their bodies from evaporating.) It also offers protection against some of their foes, and—a very important and interesting fact—a special kind of slime is forced out of an opening in the forepart of their bodies to form a track on which they can travel easily.

### Glistening Trails

This substance becomes hard very speedily, and you may have seen the glistening trails on the earth, on fences, and on tree trunks which show that a snail or slug has been on the move.

It is often asked what it is that distinguishes slugs from snails—is it the possession of a shell? It is

by  
**Maxwell Knight**

not quite as simple as that, because there are some slugs which have tiny (and useless) shells towards the rear end of their bodies.

Incidentally, these slugs are not vegetarians, like most of the species; they are carnivorous, living on earthworms and other soft-bodied grubs, and are even cannibals at times, devouring their smaller relations.

Zoologists call a slug or a snail a *Gastropod*, which means "stomach-foot." It is a good name because these interesting creatures do crawl along on their stomachs.

They are to be found on grassy downs, in marshes and in woods, while some snails spend their time in water.



Slugs and snails are called *Gastropods*. *Gastropod* means "stomach-foot"

I suppose that the features which most people notice are the so-called "horns" on their heads. There are four of these. The top pair have eyes at the tips and these can easily be seen in the larger species. However, these eyes are not very acute as far as seeing is concerned, and probably only serve as a general visual guide.

The lower pair of horns are thought to be associated with the sense of smell. These horns or tentacles can be withdrawn if

touched—except in some water snails, which cannot do this.

Another fascinating organ is the tongue, which is provided with rows of sharp, backward curving hooks. These enable the food to be scraped away in minute portions. Then, in snails, there is the shell itself, which has three layers making up its structure. The outside is often coloured and patterned, and the innermost layer is like mother-of-pearl.

The shell is made up of secretions from the snail's body, and

is added to from the open end as the snail grows. The shell serves as a retreat in bad weather and also gives a snail some degree of protection when it is at rest. With the aid of the cement-like slime it can attach itself to a flat stone or piece of wood so firmly that it cannot be easily moved.

Slugs and snails have remarkable "homing" powers, and it is possible to check these in snails. Slugs are more difficult to observe because, as most of them have no shells, it is impossible to mark them.

The best way to observe snails homing is to search around until you can find a cluster of the Common Snail—possibly under a plank of wood or other flat surface.

### Colours On Shells

Provide yourself with some wax crayons of three colours. Having found your snails at rest, make a ring round three of them—each with a different colour, and put some mark on the shell so that you can tell one from another.

Do this during the day. At night the snails will usually come out to feed; and the following day, if you go to the same spot, you will nearly always find the same snails in their original positions.

I shall be writing another article about these rather wonderful animals next week.

## ODD SPOT

## CALLING

## ALL YOUNG OBSERVERS

This article has been written for CN by West London reader Philippa Richardson, who is pictured right.

I AM surprised that so few people know about the Field Observers' Club. It is quite unique, as it is run entirely by young people and financed by their subscriptions.

The Field Observers' Club offers field trips, lectures, scientific survey facilities, camps in England and abroad, conservation projects, and excursions in coaches or on fishing trawlers. It supports actively all efforts to conserve wildlife and natural resources, and is affiliated to the International Youth Federation and the Council For Nature.

### Cheap Travel

Members are encouraged to organise expeditions and scientific projects, for the society is intended for those who have the interest but not necessarily the knowledge to study and appreciate their natural environment.

There are also opportunities for cheap travel abroad, and for joining in the activities of member organisations of the IYF.

The FOC, however, is not entirely a society for serious study. It gives young people a chance to enjoy themselves in the



Philippa Richardson, seen here, thinks that the Field Observers' Club would appeal to many CN readers

company of others of the same age and with similar interests.

Members are between 13 and 25 years, and pay an annual subscription of 10s.

I joined relatively recently, and therefore missed last summer's highly successful ten-day camp on

the Isle of Purbeck. My first trip with the FOC was to Bradwell, Essex, for a weekend camp.

About 17 members attended, all interested in various branches of science—botany or geology, zoology, ornithology or palaeontology.

We stayed in a cottage, close to the Bradwell Atomic Power station, and two hundred yards or so from the sea. The coast here is very flat, and the salt marshes in the area offered much opportunity for study. One party set out for one of the oldest chapels in Britain, a mile along the coast, while others visited some marine biology labs.

Since the Bradwell weekend, there have been several field meetings. One took the form of a walk along the Colne Valley, another a weekend meeting in the Sevenoaks area for freshwater biology and geological study. Future meetings include a proposed Easter camp, an ornithological excursion, and freshwater biology work at the Basingstoke Canal.

### Active Groups

Although at present most members live in the south of England, the FOC aims to set up active groups all over the British Isles.

I think the FOC is the kind of organisation that many CN readers would like to join. If you are interested, write for information (enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope) to: The General Secretary, Field Observers' Club, 7a Glazbury Road, London, W.14.

## CN CHESS CLUB

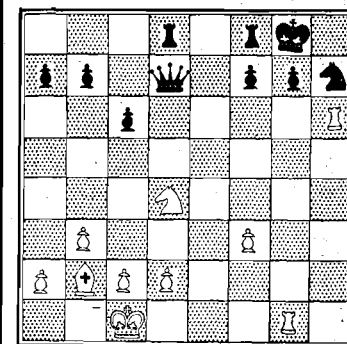
THE Réti Opening is quite a recent development when compared with the other openings we have looked at.

The first move is 1. N—KB3. This has the immediate advantage of bringing a piece into play and it also prevents Black from playing 1. ... P—K4. White tries to advance his pawns no further than the third rank to prevent their being attacked. The centre is challenged from the King's Bishop long diagonal.

Since the opening avoids any direct clashes, it tends to produce complicated middle games. However, Black should not have too much trouble in finding satisfactory replies.

Here are the more usual opening moves:

- |          |       |
|----------|-------|
| 1. N—KB3 | P—Q4  |
| 2. P—B4  | P—Q5  |
| 3. P—K3  | N—QB3 |



In this week's problem, White plays and mates Black in four moves.

Answer on page 16 T. MARSDEN



CN

picture  
serialPresenting another of the most famous  
of Shakespeare's plays in a special wayPart  
Four

13

# Twelfth Night



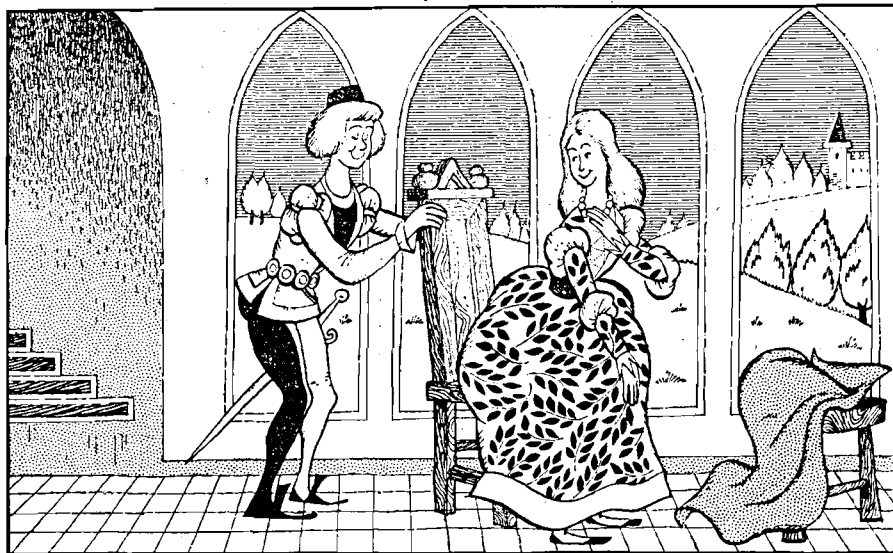
When shipwrecked, Viola had been parted from her twin brother, Sebastian. Disguised as Cesario, Viola became page-boy to Duke Orsino, with whom she fell in love. But complications followed when the Duke sent Cesario to Olivia—the girl he loved—and Olivia promptly fell in love with the page, believing him to be a boy!

A challenge to Cesario from a rejected suitor of Olivia's and (unknown to Viola) the arrival of her twin brother, led to mistaken identities and still further complications . . .



1. Cesario returned to the Duke to tell him that Olivia wanted nothing to do with him. Meanwhile Olivia's other rejected suitor, still thirsting for revenge, thought he saw Cesario pass by Olivia's house. Hurriedly he struck him a blow, eager to challenge Cesario a second time. But it was a surprised Sebastian (Viola's twin) who turned to face his assailant. Who was it that dared to attack him like this without provocation? Illyria was a strange place if this was the way its inhabitants behaved!

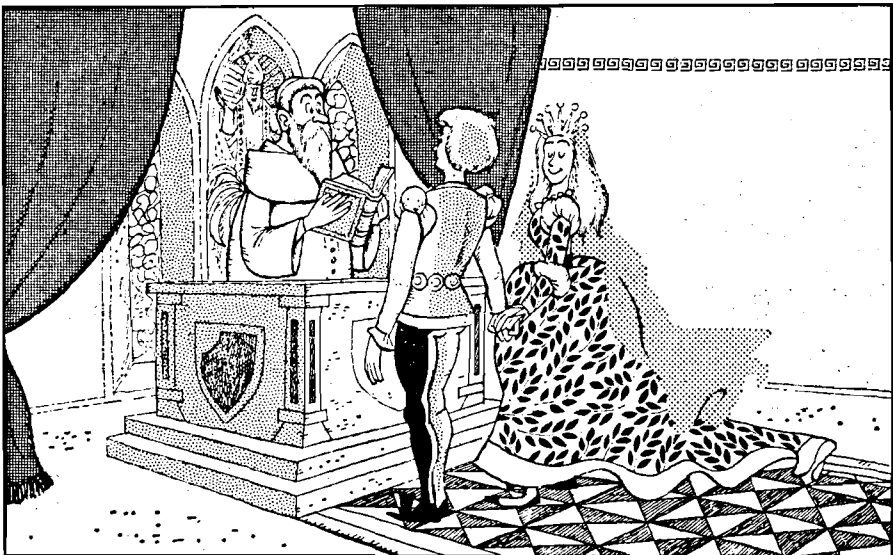
2. Unaware that his friend, Captain Antonio, had been arrested, Sebastian had been looking for him. Now this surprising challenge from a complete stranger could hardly be ignored. But as he drew his sword, Olivia suddenly appeared. Mistaking Sebastian for Cesario, she stopped the fight.



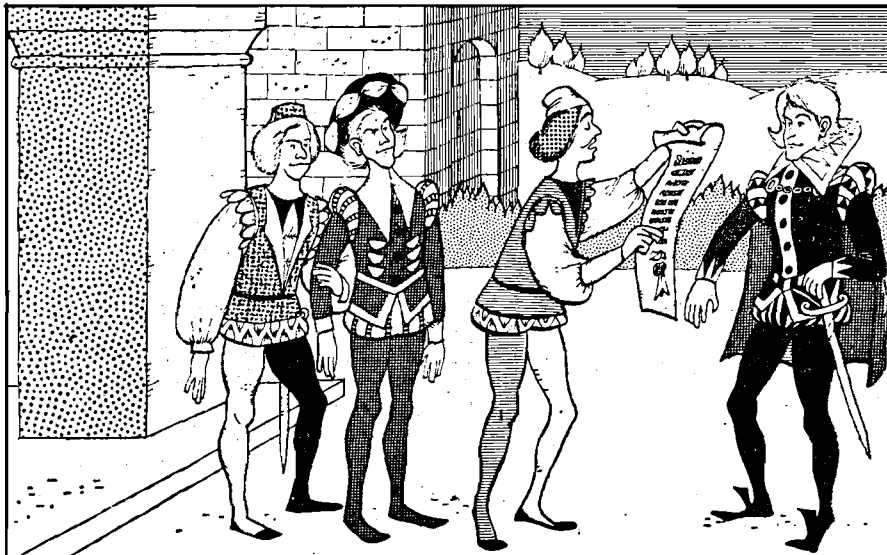
3. Not usually favoured with such unexpected attentions from beautiful girls, Sebastian was glad to follow Olivia, paying flattering court to her. Olivia (believing Sebastian to be Cesario) thought he had at last begun to respond to her advances, and set out to make herself even more charming and affectionate towards him than before.



4. At first, Sebastian thought Olivia must be out of her mind to confess her love of him on so short an acquaintance. But on second thoughts he decided that apart from this she appeared quite normal. And he had to admit that he felt not only extremely flattered; he found Olivia a most attractive girl and much to his liking.



5. Still believing Sebastian to be Cesario, Olivia was afraid he might change his mind when he left, so she sent for a priest, suggesting they should marry right away. It took little persuasion for Sebastian to agree, for he could hardly believe his good fortune! Immediately after the wedding ceremony, Sebastian left Olivia to look for Captain Antonio, wishing to tell him about the good fortune which had befallen him.



6. Just after Sebastian left the house, Duke Orsino arrived outside. So, too, did two officers of the Law and Captain Antonio. The Officers were on their way to see the Duke, to confront him with the man who years before had injured his nephew in a fight. Seeing him now, they decided to talk to him at once. But, the Duke was annoyed at being stopped, wishing only to call on Olivia and reaffirm his love.







## CN fiction

When it was opened, the letter Nye was carrying gave a terrible shock!

## DEAD MAN'S WARNING!

When Mr. Willet arrived in England aboard the *Griffin* to take Nye Gorham back to America to join his sea-captain father, Nye's grandfather refused to let him go. But Nye went all the same—he ran away!

Mr. Willet, a sick man, died on board ship on the way to America, but before he did so he warned Nye of a plot to kill his father. Nye also found himself being watched by a frightening character called Red-Eye Pell.

When the *Griffin* docked in Boston, Nye told his Uncle Daniel the alarming news. At once his uncle agreed to send Nye to New York to warn his father, and put Nye aboard the *Plympton Belle*.

The *Plympton Belle* was wrecked. Nye was carried ashore and cared for by the Dillingham family. But, when Red-Eye Pell arrived to claim him, Nye escaped through a secret tunnel.

Now, alone and scared in a fog, but more determined to get to New York than ever, Nye was being hunted by Red-Eye Pell and his men...

## 8. The Mystery Letter!

NYE stumbled on and on, straining up pebbly slopes on one side, slipping and sliding down their sandy sides on the other. Gradually the men's voices blurred in the distance. They seemed to have lost all track of him. But Nye kept going, even after he could hear them no longer, simply because he was too frightened to stop.

At the same time, his legs were beginning to tremble as his strength, hardly back to normal after his battering of the night before, began to fail. Beads of sweat chilled his skin as they rolled down his face, each one telling a dangerous story of how near he was to exhaustion.

He was tottering when his hand came flat against the roughness of old cedar shingles. He leaned hard against them, panting, wondering in a half-dreamy way what stood in his path now, and too spent to try to move around it.

He looked up and saw the shingled side of a shed looming up out of the fog, stretching away in both directions, disappearing mistily overhead.

A shed. A hiding place. He was ready to accept it for better or worse. He was at the end of his tether. Feeling his way to a door, he staggered inside and found a pile of salt hay waiting invitingly in a stall with a hearty animal smell about it.

He was asleep almost before he touched the hay.

RED-EYE PELL was prodding him in the ribs. Standing over him with blazing blood-red eyes full of evil triumph, Pell was prodding him sharply in the ribs and roaring, "Well! What have we here?"

Nye twitched violently. His eyes flew open. Instead of Pell, he found himself staring up in grey morning light at a short, stocky figure with popping blue eyes set in a leathery old face trimmed with a low hedge of grizzled whiskers.

Everything about the old man's face was broad. The eyes were held well apart by the broad bridge of the wide, stubby nose

that flared under it. The mouth was wide, and squared off by determined lines at each end. The chin was broad and square beneath its spiky covering of whiskers.

And the whiskers were bristling with indignation.

"What are you doing, sleeping in my ox stall? Why, you must be—out with it, young scalawag!" he ordered, giving Nye one more poke in the ribs with the butt end of the pitchfork he was holding. He stood it aside and hauled Nye to his feet by the collar. "Ain't ye the young 'un as was over to the Dillinghams' and run away last night, and had grown men hallooing up and down the face of the earth looking for him in a pea-soup fog, and all for what, that's what I'd like to know. All for what?"

It was undoubtedly the longest question Nye had ever been asked, and it seemed to end when it did only because the asker ran out of breath.

"Yes, sir, I am," Nye admitted, "but please, sir—"

"Then back ye go to the Dillinghams' and we'll get the straight of it there!" declared the old man, tugging his timeworn sea captain's cap down over his contentious eyebrows with one hand, and tugging Nye along with the other.

"No, please, sir!" Nye pulled back so violently that his jacket almost parted in the old man's grasp. "Don't let them see me!"

"Don't what? Now, why on earth shouldn't John Dillingham—"

"Not him, sir! Those men!"

THE old man swung around full on and peered fiercely into Nye's face, his blue eyes popping more than ever.

"Hey? What about those men? What's wrong with those men, poor unfortunates as they are from a ship pounded to pieces on the devil's own shoals, and wanting no more'n to fetch a lad they were accountable for?"

This second longest question in Nye's experience gave him time to consider what he could do to convince the man of the seriousness of his plight. He decided the only way to do it was to tell the whole story of what had happened to him, without reservation. For, despite the old man's irascible manner, Nye judged him a fair man.

Anyway, he had little choice. He could not keep on running, friendless

and alone, even if he could get away again. Not if he was ever to reach his father.

"Sir," Nye said quickly, "if you'll give me a chance, I'll tell you all about what's wrong with them. My name is Nye Gorham, and I'm from Boston, only I've been living in England for two

by  
SCOTT CORBETT

years with my grandfather, but after my mother died—"

"Hold on! This going to be a long yarn?"

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"Hmp!" His audience looked around, found a barrel he could kick out of a corner, and sat himself down on one end of it, folding his arms sternly. "Gorham, hey? Good Boston name."

"My father's a ship's captain," said Nye. The old man's cap provided him with an inspiration. "Maybe you're one, too, sir?"

"Was," he snapped, but looked not displeased to have the fact recognised. "Was, for nigh on 40 years. Not a blue-water man, but Cap'n Shebnah Berry nonetheless. Go ahead. What's all this about your being from Boston and living among the scoundrelly British for two years and your poor mother dying, which is more of a lump to be thrown at a man's head all at once than anyone in his right mind could begin to comprehend? Start at the beginning, lad, and pay it out slowly!"

NYE started all over again. With the aid of an occasional question from the old man, some of them relatively brief, he was able to put the facts before Captain Shebnah in reasonably good order.

When he had finished, the old man stared at him hard for a while, and then rose to his feet, shaking his head.

"I've heard some wild yarns in my day," he said, "but yours comes close to beating the lot of 'em. It's a hard one to swallow. Your uncle, now, sending you on



"What are you doing, sleeping in my ox-stall?" demanded the old man.

to New York City aboard the *Plympton Belle*. If 'twas important to get you there, that wasn't the fastest way to send you, not by a danged sight. Why, the boat train to Fall River and a steamboat from there would have got you to New York City next morning!"

"Well, if you won't believe me, maybe you'll believe my Uncle Daniel!"

"Hey? What do you mean, lad?"

"My uncle wrote a letter to my father, telling him who he thought was in on the scheme to do him harm, besides the new first mate. He gave it to me to take to my father, and it's right here in my jacket! It got wet but it's still there, and maybe you can make out some of it if you look at it."

Captain Shebnah eyed Nye narrowly.

"And where might it be?"

"It's sewed inside."

"It's what?"

NYE opened the flap of his jacket and pointed to his uncle's precise needlework. The captain inspected it silently. Then he produced a penknife. His blunt, hard thumbnail prised open the stubborn blade.

"Let's have a look."

Nye held the flap open. Captain Shebnah ran the blade neatly up the ladder of stitches, and felt inside the lining. He brought out the ruins of a once-white envelope, crumpled and stained, and with only traces of its sealing wax remaining. Nye groaned.

"The writing's all gone from the outside!"

"Well, of course it is! What did you expect ink to do, after such a dousing?" Captain Shebnah peered more closely at the envelope, and added, "Not altogether gone, at that. There was a name on it, all right, and that name could have been Gorham," he admitted.

"Open it up, sir! Maybe you can make out some of my uncle's writing inside, if it isn't too spoiled."

"Well, I don't much enjoy opening another man's mail, like a certain postmaster does that I happen to know not a stone's throw from here," growled Captain Shebnah, "but under the circumstances I don't see no other way out. No other way of getting to the bottom of things..."

"YOU'RE not really opening it, anyway, sir, because it's already open," Nye pointed out helpfully; and in truth the pages were half falling out of the unstuck remains of the envelope.

Captain Shebnah gave him a reproving glance.

"I'm opening it," he replied, in a severe tone. "The minute I unfold pages as was intended for other eyes, I'm opening another man's..."

Meanwhile he was unfolding them, and as he did so his comment died in mid-air. He held the pages out from him, then brought them close. He inspected them one by one with growing astonishment. And Nye, at his shoulder, stared at them with much the same feelings.

They exchanged a completely bewildered glance.

"Soaking or no soaking," spluttered Captain Shebnah finally, "this don't look right. No, by the blazes of Tophet, it don't look right to me. If I'm any judge of the matter, these sheets o' writing paper never had a word written on them at all!"

To be continued

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## SKI-ING SCHOLARSHIPS

THE Scottish Junior Ski-ing Championships are to be held in the Cairngorms on 10th and 11th of April. Most of Britain's best young skiers will be competing in the hope of being selected for a ski-ing scholarship for advanced training.



As part of their campaign to increase sporting activities for Britain's young people, The Nestlé Sports Foundation will award three Milo Ski-ing Scholarships. These scholarships will be given in agreement with the Ski Club of Scotland and will enable the lucky holders to travel to Switzerland for advanced ski-ing instruction with the British Kandahar Club at Mürren.

One of the three awards at the championships will go to the outright winner of the two days of slalom and downhill racing events, providing the competitor holds a British passport. The other two awards are "closed," and these will be made to skiers of Scottish birth judged by the race committee of the Ski Club of Scotland to be most likely to benefit from further training.

### Successful Year

Luke O'Reilly won the major award last year, and he will be competing in the championships once more next week. Luke has had a very successful year in Senior and Junior events on the Continent, and represented Great Britain in the Aarberg-Kandahar at St. Anton. He was also one of the three young people who earned selection for the British Men's Championships which were held at Val d'Isère.

The competitors who received scholarships in the "closed" section last year will also be taking part in the Scottish Junior Championships. They are: Rory McLeod (15), of Aviemore, Inverness-shire; and George Sutherland, another 15-year-old, of Aberdeen. Unfortunately for George, he injured a leg on his first day of training, but he will be joining the 1965 Scholarship winners for the balance of his training.

In addition to the main awards, there is a Milo Trophy for the slalom event, and medals and prizes for many other competitors.

Above: A few of those who took part in the 1964 Milo Trophy competition in the Cairngorms.

Below: Luke O'Reilly, at Mürren, Switzerland, during the scholarship course he took last year



## EASTER HOCKEY FESTIVALS

As usual, at Easter there will be three major festivals arranged in association with the All-England Women's Hockey Association. Here are the dates of the festivals, and names of ticket distributors:

**Penzance**, 17th-19th April. Miss M. K. Hutt, St. Pirans, Perranwell Station, Truro, Cornwall.

**Ramsgate**, 16th-20th April. Mrs. B. M. Forde, Seale Hayne, 9 Minster Road, Ramsgate, Kent.

**Southend-on-Sea**, 16th-20th April. Mrs. J. Rothwell, 34 Montague Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

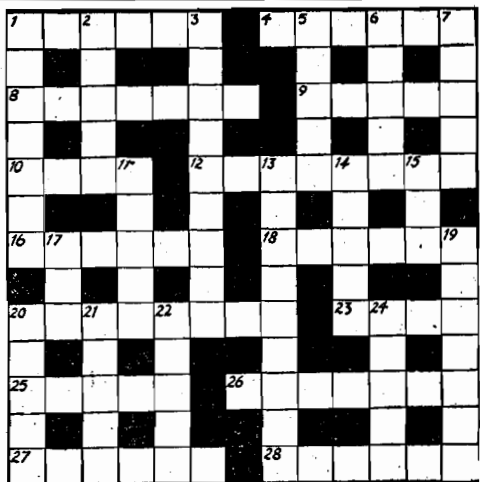
An outstanding event for boys is **The Midland County Schoolboys Festival**, which will be held at Shrewsbury on 13th-14th April.

## INDOOR ATHLETICS

BRITAIN and the United States meet in an indoor athletics match at the Empire Pool, Wembley, on Friday and Saturday. One of the highlights should be the long jump, in which Lynn Davies, Britain's Olympic champion, meets the world record holder, R. H. Boston of the US.

## Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS: 1 Wood used for cricket bats. 4 Sheep's coat. 8 "The . . . Roman of them all" (Julius Caesar). 9 Awaken. 10 Great Irish playwright. 12 Decoration. 16 Half a circle's diameter. 18 Rump. 20 Captive. 23 One of the Great Lakes. 25 Well-known Berkshire town. 26 Italian cathedral city. 27 Sovereign's chair. 28 Climbed. DOWN: 1 Royal castle. 2 One of the signs of the Zodiac. 3 A State of the USA. 5 Grub. 6 Evade. 7 Choose. 11 Members of the former Liberal party. 13 Widely known. 14 Rodent. 15 No score. 17 Atmosphere. 19 Green precious stone. 20 Entwined hair. 21 Bring upon oneself. 22 Frequently. 24 Royal.



## Sportsbag

A *STRETCH* of the River Thames will get its annual place in the limelight on Saturday; the four-and-a-quarter miles between Putney and Mortlake will be the familiar setting for the 111th Boat Race.

Oxford established themselves as firm favourites to record their 49th win when they went on the Thames for the first time a few weeks ago. With burly Americans forming half the crew, the Dark Blues seemingly showed tremendous power, especially in what is known as the "engine room" (in the centre part of the boat).

I'm no rowing man—unless a gentle saunter on the Serpentine or a hefty pull off Southend Pier in what one humorist referred to as a "fair swell" gives me such a status. But my "advisers" tell me that it is the crew with the best "engine room" which wins the race. Yes, that seems fair enough; but what if the engine breaks down—or am I getting confused?

Cambridge, of course, have treated all the comments from critics with studied reserve—they've heard it all before. They merely point out that the Light Blues have won the race 61 times, and see no reason why it shouldn't be 62 on Saturday.

As might be expected, both crews are extremely confident, which suggests that the result is a foregone conclusion—a dead heat, as in 1877!

The Sports Editor

## A Little More About Hockey

ENGLAND and Scotland have a hockey, as well as a soccer, engagement on Saturday. At Hurlingham, in south-west London, there will be the men's international match. But before this there will be another game, and news of it comes to me from Fiona Macmillan, a reader who lives at Garvock Hill in Dunfermline.

Fiona writes that Scotland's youngest touring club, the Fifers, will meet England's oldest club,

Blackheath, on Saturday morning. In the afternoon the two clubs will together attend the England v Scotland game. On the following afternoon, the Fifers are due to play the Hornets; after the match they will go back home by air.

Formed in 1963, the Fifers believe they are the first Scottish hockey club to arrange matches to coincide with the international match at Hurlingham. Their players are drawn from the four hockey-playing towns in the county of Fife, and include one or two former Scottish internationals, as well as Scottish District players.

Thank you for writing, Fiona; I hope that Fife and Hockey will become as well known as fife and drum!

## Cricket Captain



THE NEW ZEALAND team will be making a tour of England this coming cricket season. My picture shows John Reid, who will captain the party of 15 players.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

(12): CN Chess Club: 1 RxPch KxR; 2 N-B5Double ch K-N1; 3 R-N6ch! PxR; 4 N-r6 mate. (P. 14): Stamps Quiz: Switzerland; Germany; Austria; Turkey; Sweden; Finland; Norway; Spain; USSR. Musical T Time: Tuba; viola; oboe; banjo; clarinet; guitar. Five "C" Birds, Please! Chaffinch; coot; crow; cuckoo; canary; City Sites: The Parthenon—at Athens; the Alhambra—at Seville; the Golden Gate Bridge—at San Francisco. Animal Answer: Horse. Round and Square: Amundsen; Stanley; Magellan; Columbus. Name the Year: 1912; 1415; 1773; 1476; 1497; 1936. Author in Outline: Defoe. Test Your Geography: Mato Grosso; Kalahari Desert. (This page): Crossword Puzzle: ACROSS: 1 Willow. 4 Fleece. 8 Noblest. 9 Rouse. 10 Shaw. 12 Ornament. 16 Radius. 18 Touse. 20 Prisoner. 23 Erie. 25 Ascot. 26 Bologna. 27 Throne. 28 Scaled. DOWN: 1 Windsor. 2 Libra. 3 Wisconsin. 5 Larva. 6 Elude. 7 Elect. 11 Whigs. 13 Notorious. 14 Mouse. 15 Nil. 17 Air. 19 Emerald. 20 Plait. 21 Incur. 22 Often. 24 Regal.

## ALL-ROUND ALFIE



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